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533 665 are populous enough to run to two bands these will as likely as not be identified with the opposing political parties.

3

357 No book about Malta, no chapter making mention of the country people, would be complete without reference to a class of Maltese largely drawn from the country-folk. In these days, when domestic service is shunned by potential employees and thought of more as a myth than as something that once existed by would-be employers, it is my pleasant duty to record that Maltese servants can be among the best in the world. Such, at all events, has been my experience and that of many of my friends in Malta. Where employer and employee have been able to establish a relationship of mutual esteem and respect (and few people are more ready to respond in this way than the Maltese domestic), the employer in Malta may confidently count not only upon receiving from members of the household staff faithful, efficient and loyal service but upon retaining, if he or she is only a sojourner in the island, their affectionate regard long after he or she has left its shores.

It is, however, regrettable but necessary to add that since these words were first written domestic servants are tending to become as rare in Malta as they are elsewhere.

114 357 Shortly after the First World War a gentleman named Eric Shepherd came to Malta as Professor of English Literature at the University, and remained there for three years. On his experiences during those three years Mr Shepherd subsequently wrote a book called *Malta and Me*,[1] which abounds in puckish humour and flashes of insight and is often extremely entertaining.

But partly because of its puckishness, partly because the author laid what might appear to some to be excessive emphasis on such drawbacks to life as may exist in Malta

[1] Selwyn and Blount, 1926.

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(and where do they not exist?), his book gave a certain amount of offence in the more sensitive quarters of the island. None the less, it includes a chapter which should have atoned for any "causes of stumbling" created in those quarters. The chapter is entitled "Dolores" and concerns the Shepherds' Maltese maid-of-all-work and their baby's nurse. "Dolores" is not only a telling tribute to some of the salient virtues of the Maltese character; it is one of the most sensitive and moving descriptions of the personal devotion of a servant to her employers and her charge that I have had the good fortune to read.

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A word has been said earlier in this chapter as to the grandeur of the cliff scenery of Malta. Inland, on the other hand, the countryside can scarcely be called either grand or impressive, and during the dry summer months there is little colour to set against the brown aridity of the fields other than the sage of the olive, the carob and the fig-trees, and the pinks and whites of the oleanders beside the roads. But after the autumn rains have begun to refresh the parched earth the land rapidly assumes a mantle of young green, and the wild flowers appear shyly above ground, beginning with two lovely miniature blooms—the brilliantly blue *Iris minuta* and the even more ethereal, strongly scented "*satarina*" (*N. serotinus*). This, the tiniest of the narcissi, looks as if it had been called into being by a touch of the fairy's wand in Walt Disney's *Fantasia*.

Later, in March and April, Malta and Gozo alike seem to glow with the crimson, deepening into purple, of the *sulla*, the clover or sainfoin with which thousands of acres are sown for fodder. Among the most striking blends of colour are those produced by many varieties of Bougainvillæa (which flourishes exceedingly in Malta) and the purple-and-cream flowers of the wild caper, against the background of the rich gold of the fortifications.

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